

The Sketch

No. 1221—Vol. XCIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



"SOME" SMILE—A BONNE BOUCHE FOR THE VAUDEVILLE'S NEW REVUE: MISS LEE WHITE,
WHO IS IN THE CAST OF "SOME."

Miss Lee White, who as a variety artist is famed for the fact that while on the stage she never stops smiling and moving, is one of the company engaged for the new revue at the Vaudeville—"Some," or "More Samples of Odds and Ends." Like its predecessor, "Samples," which ended its successful run on June 10, the new piece

has been written by Mr. Harry Grattan, with lyrics by Messrs. Clifford Harrison and Valentine, and music by James W. Tate. With Miss Lee White to keep the ball rolling, we may be sure of "Some" fun, and the Vaudeville should be able to count confidently on having a new extended run of luck.—[Photograph by Wrather and Buys.]

THE FAIRSEX PRETTYDEARS — SECOND BATTALION



1. PARTNER IN A "PIANO CONVERSATION" (BI-PEDAL): MISS TEDDIE BUTT.

2. A NEW FEATHER IN HER CAP: MISS DORIS FRESSON, OF "THE HAPPY DAY," AT DALY'S.

5. IN PENSIVE MOOD: MISS PEGGY LEE, OF "MR. MANHATTAN."

6. DANCING WITH MR. NELSON KEYS AT THE PALACE: MISS NANCY LESLIE.

The Fairsex Prettydears are a very smart regiment, for which there is an inexhaustible supply of recruits. Miss Teddie Butt, a new *débutante*, has, we understand, been engaged to appear at the Coliseum in a "piano conversation" with her partner, Mr. Paul Witt. Mr. Witt supplies the music, and Miss Butt "butts in" with the wit.—Miss Doris Fresson is one of the many pretty units of the Fairsex appearing in "The Happy Day," the musical comedy at Daly's.—Miss Zoe Gordon is one of the leading ladies of the London Pavilion's revue, "Pick-a-Dilly," in which she makes very good.—Miss Alleyne Pickard came from New York with "Watch Your Step," to the Empire, and was retained there for "Follow the Crowd."

REVIEW OF REVUERS, AND COMÉDIENNES.



PLUMED, POPPIED, AND "PAVILIONED": MISS ZOE GORDON, OF "PICK-A-DILLY."
CONDIMENT—VERY PIQUANT: MISS NORAH PHIPPS, OF "LITTLE MISS MUSTARD."

4. IN "FOLLOW THE CROWD," AT THE EMPIRE: MISS ALLEYNE PICKARD.
8. IN "RAZZLE DAZZLE," BUT NOT "ON" IT: MISS MARGOT KELLY.

is a sister of Lady Dangan, wife of Earl Cowley's heir, and lives with her at Walton.—Miss Peggy Lee is playing in "Mr. Manhattan," the popular musical play at the Prince of Wales's.—Miss Nancy Leslie, who is only seventeen, has already come to the fore in her dance with Mr. Nelson Keys at the Palace revue, "Bric-à-Brac."—Miss Norah Phipps is now on tour in a revue called "Little Miss Mustard." She may shortly be seen in London.—Miss Margot Kelly, who was recently playing lead in "The Girl From Upstairs," is in the cast of "Razzle Dazzle," the new revue arranged for production at Drury Lane.—[Photographs by Sullivan, Elliott and Fry, Underwood and Underwood, Malcolm Arbuthnot, Press Portrait Bureau, Hoppé, and Bassano.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

BATHING CAPS AND BELLES.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")



"One step—Lancelot Dareall."

DOLLY led me triumphantly to her room with an air of great promise. On her bed stiffly spread was a swish taffeta affair resembling nothing so much as a large black rose, if there were any such botanical curiosity! But it was, in reality, a frock, sleeveless and very low in the neck. By it lay a pair of red silk stockings and a provoking red belt. "A new evening toilette?" I asked; "very *chic*, but still a little shorter than those you usually wear, isn't it? Does this skirt cover your knees?" "No, it does not!" said Dolly with a little disdainful shrug; "and it is not an evening frock, either; it is my bathing-costume, silly! And here is the cap; I like the Futurist pattern, don't you? And here are the sandals."

"I don't see the gloves!" I teased; "and surely you have forgotten something most necessary—seeing that this is June, and in England!" Dolly rounded her eyes. "A fur coat!" I advised seriously.

Dolly will have to swim with circumspection—ware opera-glasses! She evidently means to thrill the Bexhill

or Brighton shore, or wherever she is going a-bathing. I hope the sight of so much Dolly and so little silk won't prove too upsetting to the fortunate yous who may happen to convalesce in her neighbourhood!

And, by the way—this won't interest yous very much, but it may her. I have often heard English-

women deplore how dull most bathing-caps are, and that while there is a vast variety of bathing-costumes, from the veriest "Varsity" to Dolly's taffeta frock, the caps are rather depressingly utilitarian-looking. Not that one wants to go bathing with the sort of cap that gets thrown "over the mill," no! nothing *outré* or *effarouchant*, *vous comprenez*; but something amusing and worthy of the costume. Shall I tell you how we Frenchwomen remedy the monotony? We buy a yard of washing silk, and we drape it over the offending caoutchouc, with a final bow, or a knot or a twist, as suits us best, and *voilà*!

There are quite a number of small dances being given for girls who would have come out this season. The scarcity of men has given rise to some amusing sights—amusing for some! A spoilt beauty, a great lady's grand girl (I was going to say grand daughter, wouldn't Mamma like it?) who always had a train of men, and distributed her favours with an air, has actually been seen sitting out—alone! The men at the Front have forgotten to be towny, and are not so keen on my Lady Disdain and her coquetry and wiles. When yous come up tired from the trenches, to be harnessed at Beauty's chariot may prove fatiguing after a while. You seem to like the younger, simpler girls. The consequence is that the *débutante* is happier than she would have been in other days, and curly-headed slips of girls get all their dances, though there are so few yous. Nor is it the prettiest ones who have the best time, but the jolly girls who know how to amuse and be "pals."

"Zeppa," what do yous think of Zeppa for a Zepp's baby's name—a girl; and it is to be Zeppo if it is a boy! I am not very

enamoured of either. It suggests something at the "Zoo," somehow! And how a Zepp's baby? But Marjorie says it will be, and as she talks very fast, and that it is her own baby, I don't like contradicting! Mothers know best sometimes. Anyway, Marjorie's story is rather amusing. Before the war—it seems like going back to the Flood, doesn't it?—Marjorie was one of the gayest "gals" in town, which is easy when your Daddy has made pots and pots of money out of something or other in tins. And then Marjorie is quite awfully attractive in an unacademic way, with a nose too short, and a mouth too large, and small eyes full of fun, and sun, and kindness, and a perfect figure and a divine dressmaker, and then she is as full of throbbing vitality and ease as a *car de luxe*! The sort of woman that makes the merely pretty one appear insipid. She would have been a personality even without those mighty tins! Daddy was very ambitious for her. She was his pet and his treasure, the apple—the very light of his eye, so to speak! Ever since she was fifteen he had been counting up Dukes on his fingers, and wondering whether any of them would be good enough for her! Then, when Marjorie was twenty-one, the ideal Duke not having turned up, she fell in love with a farthingless young god still in the Cambridge incubator. And Daddy discovered it thus. As Marjorie came home after a ball dangling her programme in feverish fingers Daddy, always interested in everything concerning her, perused the incriminating document, which spelt something like this. "Tango—Lancelot Dareall. Boston—Lancelot Dareall. One-Step—Lancelot Dareall. Fox-trot—L. D. Tango—L. Thursday, Foyer, 4.30."

"Hum," frowned Daddy, "evidently that young man has some staying powers." Marjorie blushed as one who knew. "Is he one of the Darealls of Everdare?" Yes, he was. "The eldest son?" "No, the fifth," confessed a mortified Marjorie. "Hum, how would you like to go to Switzerland for a little winter sport, eh?" But one comes back from Switzerland, and the snow had not cooled Marjorie's warmth of feelings for young Lancelot. And I suppose there must have been many meetings at the Foyer on Thursday (cheap fare from Cambridge on Thursdays), for when the war broke out, Marjorie asked her Daddy to let her become engaged before he went to the Front. Daddy was furious. The deuce if he would, a boy of twenty-two, not even a Duke! a fifth son, if you please—was it for a fifth son he had manufactured canned goods all these years! (it seems only eldest sons are allowed a little with their lunch!) Never!

A few months afterwards Lancelot Dareall dared magnificently at the Front, and came home with a D.S.O., but still Daddy said "No," though with less vigour. He even went as near as to say, "Patience, my dear, wait till after the war!" Now, it is all very well for old people to have patience; they must have something, poor dears! But Lancelot was as keen as any Subaltern with the D.S.O. could be, and Marjorie had nothing of the mummy in her composition. Patience did not seem to suit her temperament. Her attractive freckles faded from her face, the corners of her large mouth began to form a mournful *moue*. So when she asked a somewhat anxious Daddy whether she could go and spend a week-end with the Staytheres at Mussel-town, Daddy assented enthusiastically. "Yes, my pet, certainly, go; it will do you good." And Marjorie departed, with a very large box for such a short stay!

On the due morning of her return poor old Daddy's heart got a terrible shake. Opening his paper at breakfast, he was horrified to



"Perhaps it was under my camisoles."



"There is a vast variety of bathing-costumes."

see that there had been a big Zeppelin raid on the East Coast, with disastrous results. Now the East Coast is a long expanse, but Daddy's thoughts naturally turned at once to Musseltown. All a-flutter, he telephoned there for information, and, oh, horror! learned that Musseltown had, in fact, been one of the unfortunate towns bombarded that night, that the houses at the end of the promenade had been destroyed, and that Mussel Manor, the house of the Staytheres, was now smoking chaos. As he was still trembling at the 'phone, enters Marjorie with sparkling eyes, cheeks that looked much kissed, and hair remarkably wispy. "Hullo, Daddy! so glad I went! So much better! The Staytheres were so charming! Such a delightful stay! Such a nice, quiet house!" In his joy and amazement, Daddy put the receiver in his pocket and sat down. "My dear little girl," he gasped, "this is a miracle! Here you are safe and sound, just as you left me"—Marjorie looked down at her shoes shyly—amidst all those bombs and things! Then the report that the Staytheres' house was wrecked is false?"

"???"

"The Zepps. were over Musseltown last night!" It is then Marjorie gave herself away; she opened her wide mouth and grinned. "Musseltown of all places!—just my luck!"

But Daddy was so happy to have a whole daughter left—even if she were Lancelot's wife—that he forgave her having gone to the registrar instead of Musseltown!

Mussel Manor was wrecked, but you'll be relieved to hear that the Staytheres escaped in their pyjamas.

And about Babies.

If you are in town on the 27th, take Her to the "Children's and Mothers' Welcome" matinée Mrs. H. B. Irving is organising at the Savoy Theatre in aid of the St. Pancras School for Mothers. Everybody who is anybody in the theatrical world and just the World will be there, but the greatest inducement of all is that the poor little London Babies are to benefit by it. The

St. Pancras School teaches mothers how to take care of them; all mothers know how to care, of course, but to take care is a different thing. So many mothers lack either knowledge or means—or both.

The school has been running for ten years, and they are now dealing with large numbers of soldiers' and sailors' children. Just before the war they were speaking of closing down because they couldn't get enough money to carry on; but Mrs. Irving made a private collection so as to be able to keep the School open, realising the special need there is for saving babies now.

Mothers attend daily, and are taught cookery, hygiene, and how to take care of themselves; and they are given nourishing meals.

The weighing of the babies is great fun. It is done weekly. There is a beautiful woman doctor there—Dr. Shepherd—with lovely sunshiny hair; she calls all the babies by name, which is a bit of an achievement, as there are sometimes sixty in one afternoon!

Among others (not babies—performers!), Sir George Alexander, Ellen Terry in a new play by Barrie all about Babies, George Robey, H. B. Irving in "The Vandyke," Irene Vanbrugh—and oh, so many great ones! Mrs. Irving will announce the results—that is, the amount of money gained by the matinée.

The war is being made an excuse for much. I have noticed several girls, long after riding hours are past, trotting around—on their own feet!—in their riding gear. Of course, only those who look well in it. The other day I was lunching at a smart restaurant, and at the next table, where a luncheon-party was given, a guest came in straight from the Row, so to speak. No one seemed to think it odd, either!

I have been the witness of a catastrophe. Minnie has just left me, in despair. She came to me this afternoon, looking sad and seedy, with red eyes, and I don't know what different from her usual attractive self. I greeted her in my best colloquial English, which, as a rule, always gets a grin from her. "Hullo, old maid!" I said. "What is down? You are not looking yourself to-day."

Minnie almost scratched my eyes out. "Oh, don't tell me that too! I know I am looking a fright—oh, Phrynette, he is go-o-o-ne."

"Poor thing!" I comforted. "Is it Jack?"

"No," moaned Minnie; "it is not Jack. I'm finished with Jack! We sent back each other's presents and everything." (She exaggerates; there are things one can't send back!)

"Well, the other one, whoever he is, isn't gone for ever. He'll get leave—and—"

"Oh, what's the good of talking of leave—in six months, perhaps! And I just can't do without him—I must see him regularly every fortnight. And now he is gone! Oh, what shall I do?"

"Poor little Minnie! *La grande passion*, then?"

"Oh, you stupid! It's not *la grande passion*! He is my hairdresser! He is the best hair-

"I'll have to . . . try farming on the lonely moors."

colourist in town, and how can I be Titian when he is away? And Jack doesn't like me any more with my silly fair hair like everyone else's. He just adored that deep red-gold shade—it's so rare. I won't be able to get it from any other man—I'll have to leave London and try farming on the lonely moors. There's nothing left for me!"

"Why not a wig?" I suggested.

"Oh, but a wig is so wobbly! Suppose it came off when they kiss me?"

A pathetic problem—what? And I noticed she said *they*—probably her uncle and aunt!

There are so many royalties about these days that one drops a curtsy instinctively when one catches sight of a stately figure. Sometimes it is rather awkward—when it is not a royalty! And now that skirts are so short one can't pretend to have caught a heel in one's flounces!

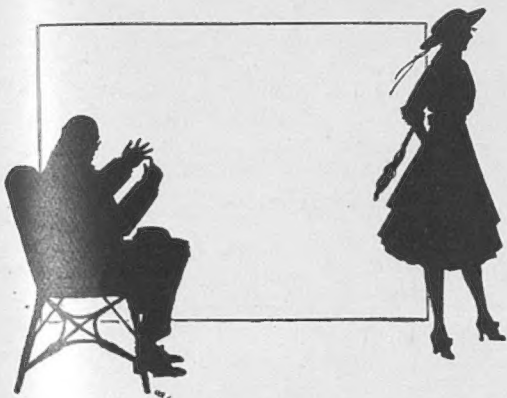
How does my lonely and depressed correspondent in India who had a two-months' sick leave feel now? Quite well, I hope. And he mustn't feel jealous: "all the fuss" is not "for the boys at the front in France." What makes you think that? They are lucky in being able to come home now and then (and so are we—lucky, I mean!), but we think of you all, wherever you may happen to be, with the same grateful affection. I meant to say "Cheero" to you ever so many weeks ago, and I couldn't find your letter again. Oh, it is not lost. I put it carefully among precious papers where no one would interfere; I'll look at the bottom of my hat-box again, or perhaps I missed it on the second shelf of the press under my camisoles.

Many thanks to my amiable readeress from Canterbury. I accept with pleasure. It is down in black-and-white in my engagement-book, but the date is on the lap of the God of War! Here is to their speedy return!

I can very well understand how piqued you must have been on receiving from Egypt that snapshot of your husband at a tea "surrounded with parasols." It is vexing that some should swank under sunshades while we are drooping under umbrellas!

And, speaking of umbrellas, I overheard a rather funny thing the other Sunday—you know, one of the Sundays that it rained as it can only on a Sunday! I was sitting at the window of my cottage overlooking the river and a lane leading thereto, wondering whether the hail would leave anything of the roses. And suddenly I heard the *flic-flac-floc* of two pairs of feet playing at being pumps in the liquid mud. Then the Thames swains appeared. He was a You,

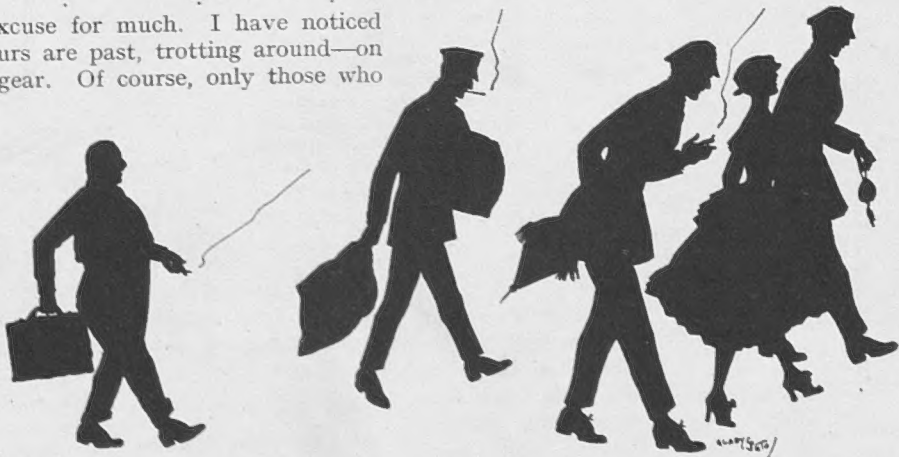
tall and thin; she was small and round. He had given her his macintosh, which was too narrow and too long for her. He was soaked, and looked like some rescuer of the drowned, she like an embourgeoisied Ophelia. They stopped under my window, he gave her a squeeze—and a pool ringed them round. "Well, darling," he was saying, "we have had a jolly time, haven't we?"



"Ever since she was fifteen he had been counting up Dukes on his fingers."



"'Hullo, old maid!' I said, 'What is down?' . . . 'Is it Jack?'"



"A spoilt beauty, . . . who always had a train of men!"

SMALL TALK

THE King, even, when encountered among carriage-cushions in the Strand, keeps the look of the Navy rather than the Army. The beard, forbidden in a soldier save when he happens to be a monarch as well, is partly responsible; but there is something nautical about his Majesty over and above, and below, the beard. And just now he wears the expression of content that is characteristic of the Senior Service. He has reason, on personal as well as public grounds. Several of the newly promoted Admirals are his close friends. Among these may be mentioned Sir Frederick Tower Hamilton, who is now promoted to Rosyth, and who had, like Admiral Beatty, a residence on a royal estate.

Lord Burghclere's Daughters.

Miss Juliet Gardner's wedding was the third family affair of the kind since the beginning of the war. The bride's sister Alethea married Mr. Fry just a year ago, and is now possessed of a little daughter of a week or two old—small fry, if you like. Before that, in the first year of hostilities, Mary—an intimate friend of her namesake the Princess—married Lord Hollenden's heir, Mr. Geoffrey Hope Morley.

Risks on Both Sides.

One after another the offspring of these war-time marriages turn out to be daughters. Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Adrian Bethell (whose husband is in the 2nd Life Guards), and Mrs. Douglas Hall (whose husband is in the Coldstream Guards) are the latest contributors to the birth-roll of the gentle sex—the safer sex, as somebody calls it in view of the murderous risks the young fathers of this generation are encountering. The risks, we used to think, were the mothers'; but medical science on the one hand and guns on the other have shifted them.

The Fashion in Girls.

We all know, of course, of one war-baby who is a boy—the little Townshend who cuts out the General; but he is the exception to the rule. The baby born to Viscount and Viscountess Ipswich is a girl; there is the Bethell girl, the Fry girl, the Hall



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT RUDOLPH ELWES: MISS EDITH KATHLEEN EYRE.

Miss Eyre is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, of 1, Belgrave Place, and New York. Lieutenant Elwes, Coldstream Guards, is the son of Mr. and Lady Winefride Elwes, of Bixling Hall, Northampton, and The Manor House, Brigg, Lincolnshire.

Where are They?

The country season is responsible for the usual batch of changed addresses. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh are spending the summer at Warwick Castle; while Lord and Lady Warwick themselves go to Easton Lodge, Dunmow. Lord and Lady Mexborough are due back from Florence at the end of the month. Nearer home, too, we must correct our "Where Is It?" Lord Montagu has sold



AN INTERESTING WAR WEDDING: MISS MARGARET HOSDELL—LIEUTENANT NORMAN H. BOTTOMLEY.

St. Augustine's Church, Paull, Yorkshire, was the scene of an interesting wedding on June 17, when Miss Margaret Hosdell (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hosdell, of Boreas Hill, who are well known in Yorkshire) was married to Lieutenant Norman Howard Bottomley, who is a popular pilot of the Royal Flying Corps.

Photograph of Miss Hosdell by French.



his town house in Tilney Street, Sir Frederick Cook has left Richmond for a long stay in Devonshire, and another change is expected in that sanctum of bachelorhood, the Albany. At Whitsun, despite weather and munitions, heaps of people were in the country. Cowdray House had guests, the Lansdownes were at Dereen, and the Wellingtons went to Ewhurst.

Darn!

The Earl and Countess of Darnley have both been down with German measles—a juvenile indignity that the full-grown are generally spared. For the school-boy it has its compensations, but hardly for the invalids at Cobham Hall. But now, after a three-weeks' bout, the enemy is conquered. The episode was naturally annoying—an interruption of much useful work; and Lord Darnley is freely pardoned if, when writing to a friend after first hearing his doctor's diagnosis, he forgot to sign his name in full!

A Great Name.

The new Lord Kitchener, surely, takes on the most resounding title the Peerage has to offer. But not always, it is said, did "K. of K.'s" kin feel the benefits of the relationship. The story goes that once, when the talk at a certain regimental mess turned to preferments and promotions, the new Peer was asked what he considered the gravest bar to advancement a soldier could labour under. "In my case," he answered, "bearing the same name as my brother." But some of his brother's names he will never be known by—"K. of K.," for instance, or the still more intimate "Kitch."

Open House.

Several couples, following the liberal example of Lord and Lady Torphichen, are using the Press as a medium for offering hospitality. The old non-committal announcement used to run "No invitations are being issued, but friends will be welcomed at the church"; now it is enlarged by "and afterwards at Claridge's"—or whatever the address may be. It is a conscientious age, and in Lady Torphichen's case certainly there was no reason to regret the open-house arrangement. Lord and Lady Torphichen have been spending their honeymoon at Calder House, among the Raeburns.

A Novel Notification.

Signs of the times are very evident in wedding notices. In a recent one the following announcement was made: "As war work and hospital duties prevent the bride and bridegroom from taking up house for some time, no wedding gifts are expected."

The P.M.'s Justification.

"The weight of our fire is our best defence," said Admiral Farragut in a famous exposition of the arts of naval warfare. Mr. Asquith profoundly agrees. Has he not over and over again suggested that the safety of England lies in the formula "Weight and Sea"?



A BRAVE WAR-WORKER: MRS. WYNNE.

The efforts of Mrs. Wynne, in connection with the Caucasian Ambulance Fund, to provide motor-ambulances for the men who have been wounded in that "inhospitable region of long distances," have been invaluable. Prior to this, when war first broke out, Mrs. Wynne drove her own cars, under dangerous conditions, to convey wounded French and Belgian soldiers to hospital, which won for her the Croix de Guerre and the Order of Leopold.

Photo. Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



TO MARRY MR. JAMES HARRY SINCLAIR HOLROYD: MISS EDITH BLANCHE NAIRN.

Miss Nairn is Commandant of the Edenfield Red Cross Hospital, and daughter of the late Sir Michael Nairn, and Lady Nairn, of Rankeilour, and Fife. Mr. Holroyd, of Sibill, Rhodesia, and Coventry, is a son of Mr. George Barron Holroyd, J.P., of Byfleet.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

"MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES": SOCIETY WAR HELPERS.



LADY HADFIELD: WIFE OF SIR ROBERT
ABBOTT HADFIELD.



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY: WIFE OF THE
SECOND EARL OF DUDLEY.



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER:
WIFE OF THE SECOND DUKE OF
WESTMINSTER.



LADY MICHELHAM: WIFE OF THE FIRST
BARON MICHELHAM.



MILLCENT, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND: WIDOW
OF THE FOURTH DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

The five distinguished ladies of whom we give portraits have taken active part in war work at the Front, of the most valuable and beneficent kind, and are mentioned in the despatch of General Sir Douglas Haig, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France, with "those under my command whom I wish to bring to notice for gallant and distinguished conduct in the field." It has long been known in this country that the hospital and similar work which these ladies have initiated or carried out has been of the utmost value. Lady Hadfield is the wife of Sir Robert Abbott Hadfield, F.R.S., and was, before her marriage, Miss Frances Wickersham, daughter of Colonel Samuel M. Wickersham, of Philadelphia, U.S.A.—The Countess of Dudley is the wife of the second Earl, and was, before her marriage, Miss Rachel Gurney, daughter of the late

Mr. Charles Gurney.—The Duchess of Westminster was, before her marriage to the Duke, in 1901, Miss Constance Edwina Cornwallis-West, daughter of Colonel William Cornwallis Cornwallis-West, and is widely known for her interest in many kinds of philanthropic work.—Lady Michelham was married to the first Baron Michelham in 1898. Lady Michelham was Miss Aimée Geraldine Bradshaw, daughter of Mr. Octavius Bradshaw, J.P., D.L., of Powderham Castle, Devon. She has the Order of Mercy, and is President of the League.—Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, who has been associated with so many works of beneficence, is the widow of the fourth Duke, and was married *en secondes nocces*, in 1914, to Lieutenant-Colonel Percy Desmond FitzGerald, D.S.O.—[Photographs by Sarony, Lallie, Charles, Brooks, and Rita Martin.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot.")

All Over—Even the Prattling!

The British Navy, as a matter of history, has scored a double victory—one over the German Navy at sea, and the other over the Neurotic Prattlers at home. Of the two, the latter fell more completely into the soup. (I was going to write "trap," but the British Navy, of course, would never condescend to set a trap for the detractors of England.) Saturday, June 3, was a grand day for the Prattling Brigade. They were in fine fettle. They sacked everybody, from Balfour and Jellicoe to the youngest Middy in the Grand Fleet. "How like an Englishman!" one of them jeered at me when I ventured to remark that we did not as yet know the extent of the German losses.

With the Sunday morning came a little dash of disappointment. Winston Churchill, of all people, had sent out a message in distinctly optimistic vein. This made the Prattlers very angry. In the first place, if Colonel Churchill said anything at all, he ought to slang the Admiralty. That was his job. To praise everybody all round was not, for him, playing the game! So the Admiralty was attacked for allowing Winston to inspect the reports as they came in! Naughty, naughty Admiralty!

What next? Why, if you please, the Grand Fleet had actually sent out a complete list of its own losses before issuing a list of the German losses! Idiotic! Why did it not guess at the German losses? Why did it not fake a list of German losses? In short, why did it not go to work on the German plan, so that the world might have two sets of fiction instead of one, and so place England in the same class as Germany?

Quiet Fun. Frankly, the whole thing—apart from the losses of our splendid men—has teemed with ironic fun for the quiet student of affairs. The questions put by the land-critics were delightful—

"What was the Grand Fleet doing?"

"Why wasn't Jellicoe there?"

"Why were the Germans allowed to come out at all?"

"Why were any of the German ships allowed to escape?"

"What was Balfour doing?"

"Why weren't we told about it at once?"

The last question found many supporters. If the battle took place on a Wednesday afternoon, why wasn't there a full report of it in the Wednesday 6.30 editions of the *Evening News* and the *Star*? Many of the public found it hard to understand that. After all, a football match begins at 3.30, and the account of a big football match is always to be found in the 6.30 *Evening News* and the 6.30 *Star*! Surely a big naval battle, affecting the lives and property of the questioners, is as important as any football match!

In future, I understand, Admiral Jellicoe will be instructed to send a continuous message describing the progress of the scrap, minute by minute, to Fleet Street. He will sit in the wireless cabin, a telescope to his eye, and dictate impassioned paragraphs. Because, of course, it is not what we do that matters, but what the papers say about it.

Mother and Babes.

And what does the Navy itself think of all this inland prattle? Is the Navy cross? Is the Navy sorry? Is the Navy disturbed?

Not in the very least. The Navy is the mother of England, and the prattlers are the babes. They may kick, they may whine, they may say naughty things; but the Navy will not desert them, will not turn her back upon them. She is their mother, and she will forgive. They know no better. The Navy will just go on watching, carefully and tenderly watching, and when the next impertinent enemy pokes up his nose the Navy will go out, serene and strong and confident, and punch that nose until it bleeds. And the owner of the nose will retire, whimpering, and blurting out, "W-well, I h-had the b-best of it, in s-spite of the b-beastly big b-bully!"

And then the Navy will return home, and make a tale of its losses and send them to the Admiralty in London. And the Admiralty, having learnt that the children who are always clamour-

ing for strong meat cannot stomach strong meat when they get it, will put the list into a pigeon-hole until the sweets come along; and then the Admiralty, with a wise smile, will serve up its easily digested meal for weak little stomachs.

That will be one result of the Battle of Jutland. And the other will be so far-reaching that the unimaginative and sluggish-minded prattlers will grasp it when the war has been over and peace signed about a decade.

So much for our rotten Navy, who are actually more at home on blue water than with blue-black ink!



"DOLORES" AND HUSBAND: MR. AND MRS. ROBERT HEYWOOD HASLAM.

Mrs. Robert Heywood Haslam is the clever artist whose sketches are a feature of our "Vogues and Vanities" page. She is the daughter of Mrs. E. D. Lomax, and was married, in December of last year, to Mr. Haslam, Editor of "What's On." She is here seen with him at their pretty country residence.—[Photograph by Compton Collier.]

A Rainy Day in the Woods.

"A rainy day in the woods," said a sage, "is better than a fretful one in the house."

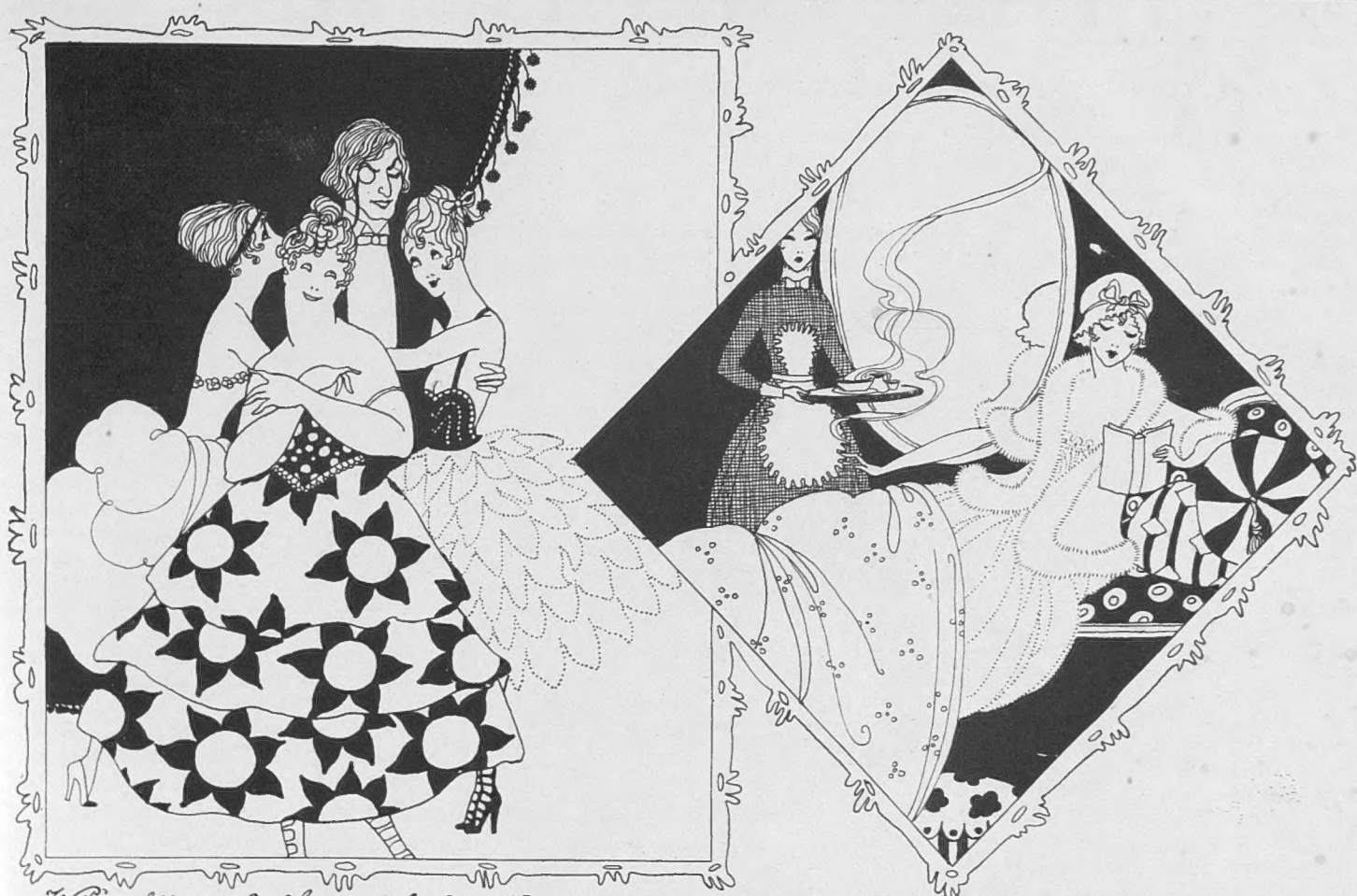
There is something appealing in that aphorism (which I admit to having culled from my tear-off calendar). You may take it literally or metaphorically, and it still holds good. A rainy day in the woods is delightful; a rainy day in the house, unless you happen to be unusually interested in some indoor task, is a misery. A world without rain would be a monotonous

and even a melancholy place, but you must be out in the rain to love it. You must let it beat upon your face, and listen to the steady drench of it on hedge and meadow. Even in London rain can be beautiful, especially rain in the evening. The glistening capes of the drivers, the rain-swept roadways, the scurrying pedestrians, the glint of reflected lamplight, the antics of whistling porters—all these things make up a picture that you must cherish if you have ever loved London. But it is best savoured from the club-window.

In the country, on the other hand, when the rain comes down on the June meadows, and the June hedges, and the June woods, you must put on your oldest hat, and your stoutest boots, and your macintosh, and go out to meet it. You must trudge and trudge till you are tired, and then come home to dry clothes, and tea, and a fire, and old slippers, and a pipe!

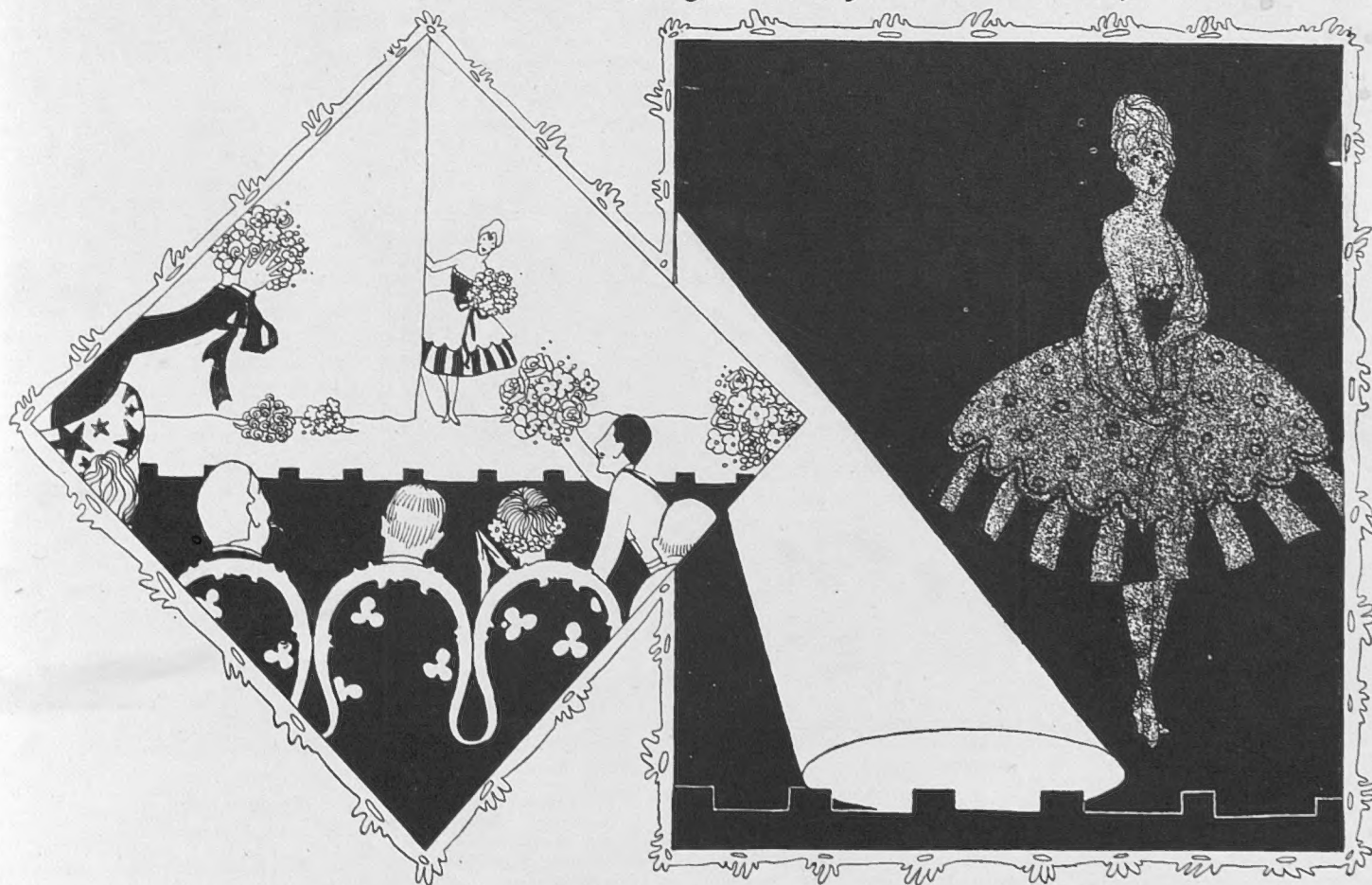
A vision of peace? Well, why not? We are bidden to prepare for war in times of peace. Then why not sometimes look forward to peace in times of war?

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE CHARITY-MATINÉE "STAR."



With a bit of wheedling of the dear Actor-manager the Hon. Miss Society was cast for the "leading lady."

She rehearsed vigorously from morning to night (we don't think) —



And at night she dreamed of such a reception, and the furor she would create.

But her dreams were shattered when, owing to the obstinacy of the man with the line, she never got into the limelight at all!



THE CLUBMAN

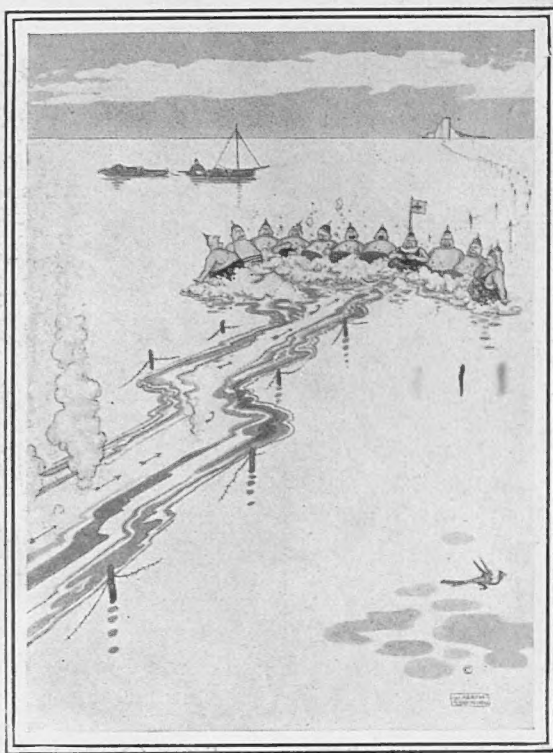
THOSE LUCKY COSSACKS: A MASTER HORSEMAN: WHAT HAPPENED IN INDIA ONCE.

The Cossack. The French and Italian and British cavalry are all good-naturedly envying the luck of the Cossacks in getting a chance of doing real cavalry work. Our cavalry have proved their mettle in the trenches, but since the early days of the war they have been waiting with what patience they may for the day to come when our artillery and infantry shall have smashed their way through the German trenches, and the chance will come to pour through the opening and sweep up all they find behind the lines. The French cavalry have had as many disappointments as our men have had, and the Italians have been fighting in a country quite impracticable for cavalry work.

A One-Armed Prince. The Cossack is a splendid horseman, and he has as good hands on a horse as our Indian troopers have, which is giving him very high praise. I remember once watching a rather curious sight in Northern India. A Russian one-armed Prince, a very firm friend of Great Britain, was travelling in India, and he had with him, as his body servant, a Cossack. This Cossack was an exceptionally fine rider, even among Cossacks, and he was always most willing to mount any bad-tempered horse and see whether good hands and iron seat and perfect temper could not work a transformation in the animal. An officer of Bengal Cavalry owned a horse that, when first mounted, always did its very best to get rid of its rider. The Prince, hearing of the animal's peculiarities, asked that his servant might attempt to ride the animal, and the beast was brought out on to the maidan, where there was plenty of room for it to exhibit all its peculiarities.

Horse-Taming Extraordinary. Some of the native officers and some of the troopers of the regiment came to see how the Cossack would fare. The Cossack put his own saddle on the horse, and his own head-stall, with a very sharp bit and a single rein. The Prince gave the Cossack a hoist up in the saddle, and the horse, feeling an unusual bit in his mouth, shook his head and thought which of his tricks should be the commencement of the fun. The horse bucked, and the Cossack sat him like a vice and waved a handkerchief in the air to show how little disturbed he was. The horse next thought that he would roll, but the punishment of the Cossack whip prevented him from carrying out his intention. The animal ran away, but it had not gone far when a jerk of the cruel bit pulled it up suddenly; and after a few minutes more the Cossack brought the horse back at the canter, obeying every pressure of the knees, every hint with the bridle; and the Indians who looked on said "Shabash!"—their tribute of admiration to a fine horseman.

Gurkhas and Russians. In Mesopotamia the Indian cavalry and the Cossacks will by now have thoroughly fraternised; although they do not talk each other's language, both races are Orientals, and each will admire the other's dash and bravery. In the No Man's Land that lies between India and the Russian Empire our Indian troops and Russian troops have sometimes met, and one of our exploring officers, a man of gigantic stature, amused me once by telling me of the attitude his Gurkha escort assumed towards the big Russians of the escort of a Russian explorer when the two parties met somewhere on the backbone of the world. The Gurkhas were all small men, very little above five feet in height; but they asked the gigantic British explorer to explain to the Russians that though they—his escort—were little men, all the rest of their regiment were nearly seven feet high. The Russians, being a polite people, accepted this statement, and said that it was wonderful, which pleased the little brown men very much indeed.



"THE SKETCH" AS WEATHER PROPHET! A SMALL REPRODUCTION OF A DRAWING IN OUR ISSUE OF JUNE 7. Who shall say that "The Sketch" is not on occasion a prophet? Up to the moment of writing, at all events, June has been by no means "flaming"! Here is the reason, as suggested in "The Sketch" of June 7! The picture, as published then, bore the title, "Another German plot: Damming (or strafing) the Gulf Stream to delay Britain's summer weather."

Drawn by W. Heath Robinson; copyrighted in U.S.A. by the Artist.



IN THE PARK: THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE, LORD ROSEBERY, AND LADY CREWE AND HER SON.

The Hon. Neil Primrose is the younger son of Lord Rosebery. He has been to the Front during the war. Last year he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In April of the same year he married Lady Victoria Stanley, daughter of Lord Derby. The Marchioness of Crewe is the younger of his two sisters. Her marriage took place in April 1899. She has two children—the Earl of Madeley, born in February 1911; and Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, born in March of last year.—[Photograph by Topical.]

very fond of the Cossack uniform, and the Tsarevitch is now the titular Hetman of the Cossacks—an honour that the entire Cossack race highly values.

A Russian Escapade. Mention of the one-armed Russian Prince reminds me of two other Russians, very young officers, who came to India at the same time. They crossed the border through, I think, Turkestan, and, as they had disguised themselves and as they talked English fairly well, they fondly believed that none of the British officials would be aware of their escapade. The Indian detective department is, however, one of the most wonderful in the world; and Calcutta, from the day they set foot on Indian soil, knew every movement they made and what they said to every soul with whom they had conversation. When they arrived at Calcutta they were brought up before their fellow-countryman the Prince, who in his own country was a high State official. They were very soundly lectured for their foolish prank, and then were told to dress in their proper uniform, and that the Prince would present them to the Viceroy, who at that time was Lord Lansdowne. I met the two young Russians during their stay in Calcutta, and their bearing was that of two schoolboys who had broken into an orchard only to find the headmaster sitting under one of the trees.

The Hetman of the Cossacks. The Cossack in his greatest glory is to be seen in Petrograd, where the Cossacks of the Guard—splendid fellows—are generally the body-guard of the Tsar when he drives through the city. The Tsar is

IN SOCIETY: A QUARTET OF INTERESTING LADIES.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN DOUGLAS MACINDOE:
MISS MARGARET HUNGERFORD POLLEN.



THE HON. MRS. C. MELTON ASTLEY AND HER SON:
A NEW PORTRAIT.



A SISTER OF THE NEW LORD BURGH:
MRS. ALGERNON EARLE.



MRS. NIGEL GRAHAM: A NEW
PORTRAIT.

Miss Margaret Hungerford Pollen is a niece of Mr. A. H. Pollen, the well-known expert and writer on naval subjects. Captain Macindoe is in the Scots Guards.—The Hon. Mrs. Melton Astley is the wife of the Hon. Charles Melton Astley, brother of Lord Hastings. Mrs. Astley's little son was born last year.—Mrs. Algernon Earle is the wife of Colonel T. A. Earle, in command of the Lancashire Hussars

Yeomanry, and is a sister of Lord Burgh, for whom the ancient barony of de Burgh has been called out of abeyance by the King.—Mrs. Nigel Graham is the wife of Captain Nigel Graham, who was seriously wounded at the battle of Ypres. Before her marriage, Mrs. Graham gave much help to the excellent work of the Charity Organisation Society.—[Photographs by Yevonde, Hugh Cecil, Speaight, and Hoppé.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

HORSES are up: they are fetching great prices, Red Cross or no Red Cross. They are being talked about; cars are no longer the sole topic. One has only to turn into the Park these mornings to realise that something has happened, that the Row is a great place again. The Canadians and Australians rediscovered it, and have been exercising there, trying to forget the chilliness of an English June. The flapping tresses of the flappers, the industrious jog-trot of the portly (under doctors' orders)—these make up the everyday spectacle; but now a more exciting element has been introduced—the Indian officer whose lively steed scatters the brown earth over a Sunday crowd.



TO MARRY LADY DOROTHY WALPOLE: CAPTAIN HOBART MILLS.

Captain Arthur Hobart Mills, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, is the elder son of the Rev. Barton R. V. Mills and the late Lady Catherine Mills, and nephew of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. Lady Dorothy Walpole is the only daughter of the fifth Earl of Orford. The marriage is to take place to-morrow, June 22.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.]

mounted) clattered past, followed by Queen Alexandra, behind a brisk pair—a pale-faced Queen of gracious bows. Then came more horse-carriages, and mounted troops; then the King and Queen—the King looking noticeably well. It was all a clatter of hoofs, all well groomed, so that the car that came at the tail end was easily the least smart thing in the procession. It was all so like the London of old that if, immediately afterwards, a horse-omnibus had appeared round the corner of Wellington Street—with a male conductor—nobody would have been surprised.

Lady Clonmell. The attention of Lady Clonmell has been drawn to our issue of May 24, in which a reference was made

to her having been to the Front, a rumour which has apparently obtained some currency. Lady Clonmell informs us that she has not left England at any time since the outbreak of war, and we gladly publish this correction and express our regret to her for any misapprehension which may have been caused through the mistake to which we gave publicity.

The Ritz Affair. Very promising have been all the arrangements for the coming performance at the Ritz; very promising are the names connected with it. Lady Mainwaring has a genius for making things go well, and the Countess of Huntingdon has already proved she can lift a charity entertainment into something not at all dull, or

home-made, or ordinary. The Hon. Mrs. Ferdinand Stanley has been an active helper, and the Ritz itself is a name that dispels gloom. One goes there thinking of the whole thing as the Ritz affair, rather than as the entertainment (deadly word!) in aid of (more deadly words!) the Women's United Service League.

Paintable. Mrs. Lavery is mentioned in connection with the Ritz affair. If she appears as Beatrice, she will add a new character to her repertoire. She has played many parts, filled innumerable canvases, and is, justly enough, one of the most be-photographed women of the day. In other words—if one may out with the plain truth—she is beautiful. Her Beatrice would not be the most ambitious of the rôles she has accepted, at the request of her friends, for some special occasion.

The boldest thing she was ever persuaded to do was to impersonate Botticelli's figure of Spring, and even that—the impossible—was a success. And her record, taken the other wayround, is equally brilliant. Whether she brings the fair creatures of the imagination to life, or is herself translated into pigment, she is always picturesque. Even now, poised on scarlet heels, she is the leading lady at the Academy. In other years we have seen her there dispensing tea in the large studio-picture of two or three years ago, on the sand and in the sun of the desert, or merely as an everyday "Lady in Furs." Not all the commissions in the world would keep Mr. Lavery from painting his favourite sitter once at least in every six months.

So Life-like! Talking of portraits, how very definitely we are in the hands, not necessarily of the few fashionable

painters, but of the few fashionable sitters. They crop up on every wall; they dominate every exhibition. In the Sargent Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries the first face we see is

Lady Diana Manners's, then Miss Asquith's, then Earl Spencer's (he is also very prominent, as to collar and cuff, at the Academy), then Lady Rocksavage's. Miss Lillah McCarthy, by Lavery, is there too. The result is that when we go, say, to Beecham's performance of "Otello," and see Lady Diana, and Miss Asquith, and Lady Randolph Churchill, and Lady Cunard, and Miss Nancy Cunard, it is much like stepping into a Bond Street picture-gallery. If one is imaginative, one can almost think that one has drifted into any place in the West where famous sitters are to be found.



TO MARRY MISS V. T. RICHARDSON: LIEUTENANT W. S. CARSON, R.N. Lieutenant Walter Seymour Carson, R.N., is the younger son of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, P.C., of Eaton Place, S.W., and Northgate, Rottingdean. He was born in 1890, and became Lieutenant in 1914. Miss Richardson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Richardson, of Chastleton House, Oxfordshire.

[Photograph by Langflier.]



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT W. S. CARSON, R.N.: MISS V. T. RICHARDSON.

Miss Richardson, whose engagement to Lieutenant Walter Seymour Carson, younger son of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, P.C., has just been announced, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taswell Richardson, of Chastleton House, Oxfordshire.

[Photograph by Langflier.]



TO MARRY MISS GLADYS NORTON: THE HON. PHILIP FITZALAN-HOWARD.

The Hon. Philip Fitzalan-Howard is in the Welsh Guards, and is the son of Lord and Lady Howard of Glossop, by Lord Howard of Glossop's second marriage. His mother was, before her marriage, Miss Hyacinthe Scott-Kerr, daughter of the late Mr. William Scott-Kerr, of Chatto and Sunlows, Roxburghshire.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



TO MARRY THE HON. PHILIP FITZALAN-HOWARD: MISS GLADYS NORTON.

Miss Gladys Norton, whose engagement to the Hon. Philip Fitzalan-Howard (son of Lord and Lady Howard of Glossop, by Lord Howard of Glossop's marriage to Miss Hyacinthe Scott-Kerr, in 1891) is announced, is the only daughter of Colonel Charles Edward Norton, R.E., and Mrs. Norton, of 18, Portman Street, Portman Square, W.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

OF THE CUNARD LINE: A CHARMING GROUP.



FIVE PRETTY SISTERS: THE DAUGHTERS OF MRS. CYRIL CUNARD.

Mrs. Cyril Cunard is the widow of Mr. Cyril Grant Cunard, who died in 1914, and was a son of Mr. William Cunard, the second son of the first baronet, Sir Samuel Cunard, who founded the great Cunard Line of mail steamers between England and

America. Before her marriage, Mrs. Cyril Cunard was Miss Beatrice Rhoda Monck Gibbs, daughter of Mr. G. L. Monck Gibbs. Her daughters are the Misses Laura Cunard, born in 1898; Veronica, 1902; Barbara, 1906; Penelope, 1909; and Virginia, 1912.

Photograph by Sarony.

A POLICEMAN'S LOT — OF AVOIRDUPOIS.



THE PATIENT HOUSEHOLDER (*to slumbering constable*): I say, would you mind leaning against the other side for a bit?
You're bending the sweep's broom!

Drawn by W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN U.S.A. BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.)

CHECK MATE! A FASCINATING CHESS PROBLEM.



A VISION IN BLACK AND WHITE: MISS ROSIE CAMPBELL DANCING IN "BRIC-À-BRAC," AT THE PALACE.

Black and white, in chess-board patterns and other permutations of design, is a vogue of the moment in decoration. That it can also be used with fascinating effect in dress is evident, by way of example, from our illustration. The photograph shows

Miss Rosie Campbell, in a very taking costume, in one of the dances which she gives in "Bric-à-Brac," the revue at the Palace Theatre, whose second edition is still "selling" with remarkable rapidity.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



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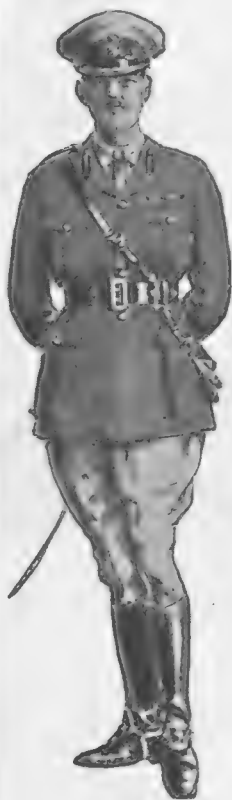
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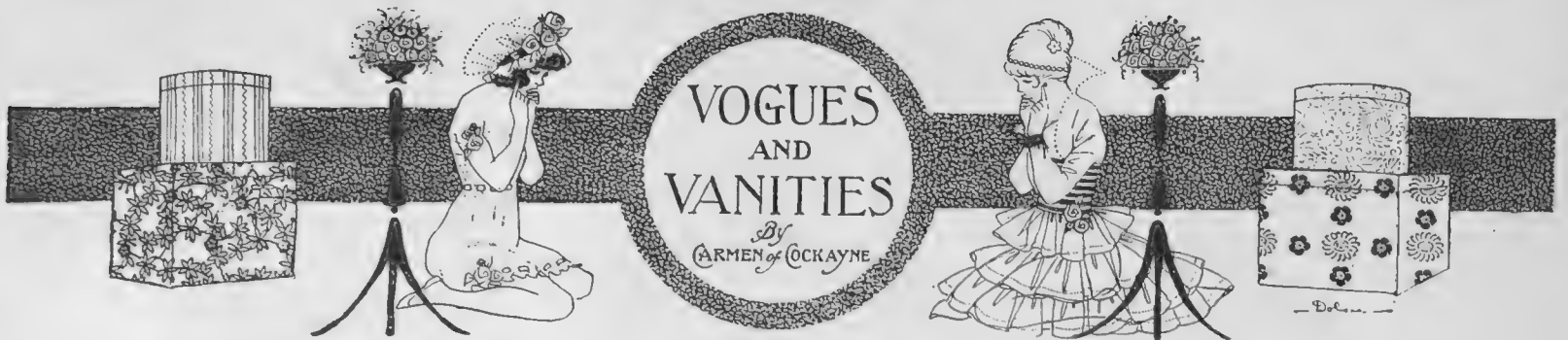
PEARLS

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.



THE NONCONFORMIST MINISTER (*giving out notices*): The—er—preacher, dear friends, for next Sunday is Mr. Spoofer of New Views, and the preacher for the following Sunday—er—you will find hanging up behind the door on the other side of the vestry!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



**Handsome Does
that
Handsome Is.**

An over-dressed woman may be an empty-headed woman; but a well-dressed woman must necessarily be a woman of balance and intelligence, and therefore, inferentially, of wide sympathies and interests. In these days of war economy and the ragings of all the cranks, it is too often forgotten that the women who do the real work of the world are also the people who desire to make themselves as decorative as possible. That is true of the



*"Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace, amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden-coifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come
buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry."*

social leader, and true also of the good workwoman. The same energy and intelligence they apply to their duties urges them to make the best of themselves. Indifference and selfishness go far more commonly with sluttish disregard for appearances than with dressy or even coquetish impulses. No apology is therefore

necessary for diverting this week from talk of fashions to talk about a bit of practical philanthropy. The woman who is interested in the one will not turn away in boredom from the other—particularly when the occasion is one at which one can gratify the natural desire to "look nice" as well as to do a good turn for an excellent cause.

A Real Fair.

But to "cut the cackle and come to the hosses." The subject that leads the writer for this one week astray from shops and their temptations is the Country Fair—a real Fair, and none of your modern pretences at such—which is to be held in the Ranelagh Gardens of the Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea, on Thursday, June 29, and the proceeds from which are to be devoted to the Surgical Requisites Association. In passing, and for the benefit of those to whom the Association is only a name, it may be mentioned that it is one of the branches of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, that it specialises in surgical requisites (many of which are its "own inventions"—and very good inventions too, as countless of our men who have taken their part in the great game can testify), and that it sends out from its work-rooms an average of 15,000 articles every week; and, if there be any who are unconvinced as to the truth of these things, let them go to 17, Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, where "they shall see," as the fairy-books used to say.

**Society's Business
Instincts.**

But to return to the Fair. There was a time—it was before the war, of course—when Society was supposed to be altogether lacking in business ability. But the war has thrown a new light on the matter. Society has taken to "Business"—always with a philanthropic end in view—quite seriously during the last twenty months, and the financial results of some of the various charitable war functions have been such as to cause the shopkeeper to sigh in vain for the assistance of their promoters. As to bargaining—it was only the other day

that Mayfair proved itself the equal of the "professional" in the paradise of bargain-hunters, the Caledonian Market. "Business" is confidently expected to boom on June 29, when all the attractions of the Old Chelsea Fair, and a number of new ones as well, are to be provided at the cost of a half-crown ticket—more or less—or a three-shilling one if purchase is postponed until after June 25 or until arrival at the gates.

**Sirens in
Sunbonnets.**

That same ticket will pass the holder into a world of green lawns and kindly sheltering trees, and beds bright with flowers, where, under the shade of gaily striped umbrellas, teas and ices and strawberries-and-cream without stint will be dispensed by celebrated people who have consented to act as presiding geniuses, and an American Bar with expert "mixers" in attendance will be provided. Sirens in sunbonnets will sell soothing syllabubs, and, incidentally, programmes and side-show tickets as well; while the band of the Royal Scots Guards, the Royal Defence Band, and the band from "Murray's" will contribute towards the general "liveliness" which is anticipated. Besides, "all the fun of the Fair" will be there. A special floor is being laid for *Thé Dansant*, the organisation of which has been undertaken, at his own request, by a "hero" out of gratitude to the Association. In the colonnaded Summer House sorceresses, dressed as befits their profession, will reveal, for a consideration, the carefully guarded secrets of a lifetime. If you please, you may eat genuine Chelsea buns in the old Chelsea Bun House, or cocoanuts (if your hand is steady and your aim true), or strafe the Hun, or indulge your taste for modern wit and humour and stargazing up to date at a first-rate vaudeville entertainment arranged by Mme. Charlot; and, if an indulgence in these delights should move you to an excess of generosity, a melting-pot will be ready to receive and work upon such trinkets as you are moved to offer for the "good of the cause."

**The Chance of
the Mongrel.**

Then there is the Dog Show—an item by no means to be missed. Not just an ordinary Dog Show, with pedigree pugs and Pekingese, and others puffed up with pride of ancestry, but a very sensible sort of undertaking, where the softest-hearted mongrel may wag his tail as the equal if not the superior of his well-connected brother,



"I have a will to work and a heart for you."

and where prizes are gained for good temper, and "coats," and large hearts, and other human sort of qualities. There will be country produce in plenty, of course, and flowers, and John Hassall to draw silhouettes, and Lady Alexander judging the entries in a country-hat competition; and if the mention of all these attractions leads you, as it should, to a decision to visit the Fair, bear in mind that the hour of opening is two o'clock and the date June 29.

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ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.



THE RECRUITING SERGEANT: But you surely are not eighteen yet?

THE RECRUIT: I should have been, Sir; but I was ill for a couple of years.

DRAWN BY WILTON WILLIAMS.

that might be jewels and might be—anything. On other days the entrance will be hidden in a mist, and it's like trying to distinguish one's features in a mirror that has been breathed upon. But the little, crouching figure is always there. And it's *myself*."

A strange, pulsating silence followed. A log dropped from the studio fire, and he flung it among the embers again, and for a time stood watching the stream of sparks fly upwards. Presently he came, slowly and wearily, to where I stood.

"Give me the crystal," I said.

He smiled, and shook his head.

"Your intentions are right enough, Mac—but I can't. I'd have destroyed or lost the thing myself long enough ago, if I'd dared. But I don't dare. And the longing to find the cave is insistent. Nothing else really matters."

"But—Mary?"

"Mary—and this is the damnable part of it—doesn't matter either. In the old days she was the central figure of my plans, especially of that 'Lord-of-Burleigh' paradise I planned. But now—I've done my best to dismiss the whole thing as madness, and to forget. I've gone to concerts and plays—there's a revue running at the Duke of Lancaster's which half London is raving about, and which bored me horribly—but it's no use. In the background I can always see the translucent waters, and the line of white foam rippling into the cave—my cave."

"You've said nothing of this to Mary?"

He shook his head.

"Her clear, well-balanced little brain would reject the whole thing as a sort of romantic lunacy. And there's been no one else I could tell. . . . There was a time when I thought of painting the cave. But the Fates don't let a man off so lightly as that. The sketches I made were a vile mockery of the real thing, and I hated myself all the time. In the end, I burnt them all. And there the matter rests. My work has suffered abominably. For the past ten days I've done nothing. Fosdyke, an impertinent little beast who lives next door and who happens to be on the staff of a news-agency, sent a paragraph to the papers on his own account, stating that 'Mr. Richard Lorne, the brilliant young miniature-painter, is suffering from excessive over-strain and has been compelled to take a complete rest.' Well, it's as true as a good many things he says. But how it's all to end—"

"It will end," I told him, with a confidence I didn't feel, "as an interesting anecdote to tell your fellow R.A.s twenty years hence, or in a letter or so to the Psychical Research Society. Meanwhile, we'll leave the paints and Mrs. Edge and—Mary, and go somewhere to clear our brains and get things into proper focus again."

He flashed a suspicious glance at me. "Where?"

"To the coast, of course. If the sea-hunger's stirring in your blood—and it's in the blood of ninety-nine men out of every hundred, whether they've had Greek sailors for an ancestor or not—nothing but the sea will satisfy it. Which shall it be—west, south, or east?"

"It's immaterial, so far as I'm concerned."

"Then we'll split the difference and make it south-west—in other words, Lyme Regis. I know some decent people there, with rooms facing the sea. How soon can you get away?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"Good! We'll catch the eleven o'clock train from Waterloo, and lunch *en route*. And—"

He laid his hand on my shoulder. "You're a good sort, Mac, but do you think it's going to be any use?"

"I do," I said stoutly. But I found it difficult to look into his eyes.

I called that evening at the Great Central, and was re-introduced to the Imbledons. I had about three minutes' conversation with Mary—just long enough to tell her what I'd arranged.

"I knew you'd help him," she said. "I'd a comfortable feeling directly I saw you. . . . You'll write when you get there?"

"Of course," I said; "or Dick shall. I'm a shocking correspondent at the best of times."

She nodded.

"I don't believe you've written me a dozen letters in the course of your life. Good-bye. I can't come to see you off, because I've promised to help Mrs. Imbledon at a big bazaar to-morrow."

Dick was silent and rather irritable during the journey down. He brought the crystal with him—I heard it chink against the wood-work as he flung his overcoat up on the rack. The little town looked as quaintly delightful as ever, with its double line of shops that some dead-and-gone humourist has christened Broad Street, and its crooked parade with as many schemes of architecture as houses. And right and left of us were the hills, green and spacious and—English.

"What do you think of it?" I asked, as we stood at the window looking out at a sea blindingly bright under the afternoon sun.

"It's done me good already, Mac. If your prescription doesn't drive away the devils of regret, nothing will. So long as you'll promise not to drag me to objects of interest or places of entertainment—"

"Consisting," I said, "of fossils on the one hand and a picture-palace on the other. Righto! Here comes Mrs. Jaffry with the dinner. And her cooking's the best in Lyme."

We stayed five days, and twice during that time Dick wrote to Mary, and once I wrote. In her reply, she said that she was "more than grateful"—which she'd no business to be.

And after that—

It's difficult to put events in their proper order. I've still a particularly clear recollection of the look on Dick's face when he said good-night at the end of our last evening. It was the face of a man who has reached a decision, and who is going to carry out his plans at all costs. If I'd had finer perceptions, I might have guessed. But I didn't; I only noticed that he was looking browner and fitter and happier. And when I rapped at his door the next morning, to call him for our usual morning dip, it swung open at my touch, and I saw that the room was empty. On the rickety little bamboo table that stood under the window was the chip of crystal—a blaze of tinted fire in the sunlight—and beside it an envelope addressed to me. I ripped it open, and read—

"DEAR MAC,—I've done my best, but it's no use. Your sea hasn't the charm of the other sea, where the waves aren't grey or indigo, but clear green, and where the cliffs aren't flat and crumbling, but broken with caves that magic the soul out of a man. So I'm going in search of them; and, because I don't expect to come back, I ask two favours. First, don't attempt to follow me; and, secondly, accept all that I've any right to in England. (I'm sending a letter to my lawyers to give the thing a proper legal value.) That's all, I think, except that I'd like you to know that Mary never cared for me—really. She did her best, but a girl of her type doesn't lose her heart twice.—Yours, "R. L."

There were several ten-pound notes in a smaller envelope, on which was scrawled, "Please settle any bills with these."

I had five minutes' stunned wretchedness, and another ten of indecision, and then I made up my mind. The Fates must be propitiated, not defied. From Mrs. Jaffry I learnt that the "artist-gentleman" had left the house very early, as she was cleaning the step, and that he had his bag with him and had taken the road to the station. I explained that a sudden necessity had called him to town, and that I myself should have to leave by the afternoon train.

I reached London as dusk was falling, and drove straight on to Mary's hotel. She came down into the big palm-court to meet me. It was too early for the diners to arrive, and we had the place practically to ourselves.

"I knew you'd come," she said; "I had a letter from him this morning. He said that he was starting from Southampton on a long voyage—he didn't say where—and that he might be away for some months. Three-Stars, why did he go?"

"He went," I said, "to satisfy a craving for wide spaces and beauty. Some day he—or I—will explain. It was a mood—a phase that came, and which will pass. We can only wait."

We waited, week after week. I saw Mary almost every day, and unconsciously we dropped back into the easy camaraderie of our boy-and-girl days. One evening I met Mrs. Imbledon in the hotel entrance with an evening paper in her hand. She handed it to me, her finger on a paragraph in the corner of the front page.

"For the past few days," I read, "storms of exceptional violence have swept the Eastern Mediterranean, and innumerable casualties are reported. One of the minor tragedies concerns an Englishman, said to be a well-known miniature-painter named Lorne, who has been cruising from island to island in a tiny yacht. The yacht itself was wrecked, and the body of its ill-fated owner was found on the shore, at the entrance of the little-known but exquisite Cave of the Four Winds. It was here that, some eighty years before, tradition says that the beautiful daughter of a wealthy Greek trader was drowned while bathing, and was buried by her father in the cave. . . . From the crouching position of the Englishman's body, and the strange look of ecstasy on his face, the fisherman who found him thought at first that he was still alive."

Yesterday morning, on almost the last day of my leave, I had a letter from Dick's solicitors. They wished to know whether, as sole executor, I intended the work of restoration at "The Pleasance" to be continued. I wired that I would go down and see the place, and called at the hotel on my way to the station to ask the Imbledons and Mary to go with me.

The gardens, even in their desolation, were lovelier than I had imagined. Mrs. Imbledon and the others were lingering over a group of statuary when Mary turned to me suddenly.

"Tell me," she said simply.

I told her.

"And you still have the crystal?"

I took it from my pocket. Side by side we peered into its depths. They were dull and lifeless. I tried to show her the flaw that looked like a little human figure, and could not find it. I dropped the crystal back into my pocket. A strange wave of self-consciousness swept over us, so that we stood stiff and embarrassed.

"Mary—" I said.

With a little, choking cry, she turned and was sobbing breathlessly in my arms.

If Dick knew—and I liked to think he did know—he would have understood, and been content.

THE END.



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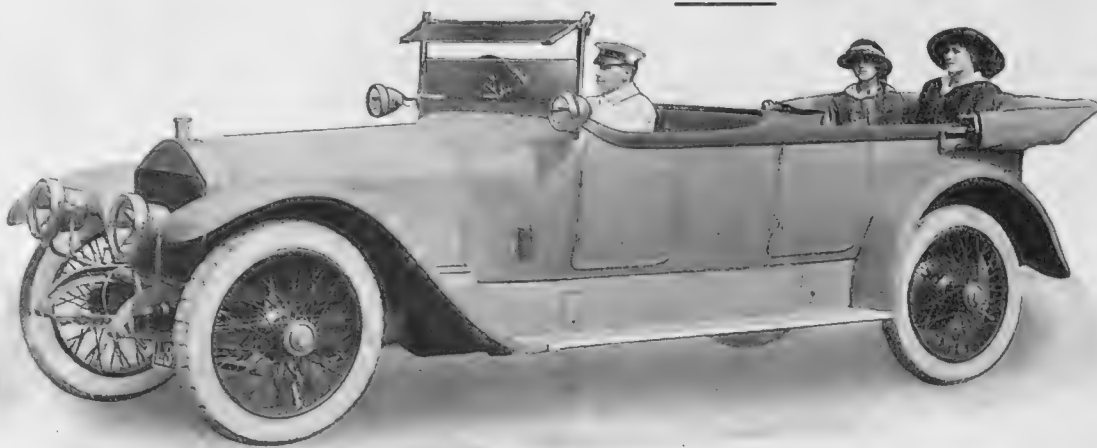
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WOMAN'S WAYS

SOCIETY GOSSIP

Things We Shall See.

I used to have an engaging friend who collected cages and alligators, and boarded them out at the "Zoo." One of his ideas of giving you a treat was to invite you inside the eagle-cage in Regent's Park, when his own ferocious fowl would come flopping affectionately on to his shoulders, while other monster birds made the air dark with beating wings. It was a terrifying experience; but, of course, one never refused. He had, to be sure, "a way" with animals, birds, and reptiles, and looked upon them all as friends, and would have seen nothing singular in the recent advertisement from Sheffield for "an elephant for heavy harness work." Nor shall I be surprised if I live to see handsome, majestic elephants, with their humorous little eyes, doing their bit of work about our streets and roads. Soon the horse will be an extinct animal, or kept only as a pet—a rare specimen of a quadruped. And for doing daily work neatly, methodically, conscientiously, there is no beast like the elephant. He is very wise and very thorough, and he never forgets. The elephant will come, with many other things, from India; and, when we have a through railway from the Persian Gulf, it will not take him long to reach this island. Why should we not domesticate such an excellent—and withal picturesque—beast as the elephant?

Lost Leopards.

Infinitely pathetic is the plaint of the gentleman who bewails his lost leopard-skins in the columns of the *Times*, and prays that they may be restored to him. "Five leopard-skins," he cries, "four tiger-skins," and that of one woolly-bear, were mistakenly sent to the Caledonian Market Fair by some over-zealous person, and there sold without his consent. It is a parlous state of affairs, for how shall the errant coats of these wild beasts be definitely tracked to their new homes and finally restored to the man who shot them? This sportsman has a sentimental interest in his skins; they are to him, no doubt, symbols of youth, courage, and audacity; they have marked days in his life-story, for in those lurid hours he touched ecstasy. No stay-at-home, no occupant of comfortable arm-chairs, can gauge his emotions at the loss of his leopard-skins. In the huge welter of the Islington Fair, I wonder how many a luckless man's treasures had been gaily and thoughtlessly caught up by his feminine belongings and sent off to swell the list of marketable things? Indeed, ever since war began, we have all had to bewail our "lost leopards." Belgian refugees are wearing coats and scarves with which we too hastily parted; soldiers' huts have books which are quite inappropriate to them, and whose sacrifice cries to heaven; we have all given some treasure to the Red Cross which we cannot replace.

Fishpingling.

The Squire in "Fish-pingling" must have existed before the war, for he permits himself such tempers with his domestics as no one would venture to indulge in now. The well-informed butler, who can reel you off quotations from the poets, is no caricature, for he exists, and some of us have heard him. After all, the butler leads a dignified, contemplative life, chiefly cherishing the keys of the cellar, and keeping a coldly observant eye on errant footmen and maids. Why should he not be well read?

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Cannon and Cassock.

The double event at the Oratory was a great success; it provided a happy blending of naval, military, and ecclesiastical personalities. As far as I know, the Oratory is the only Catholic church in London that owns a priest who pays his calls on horseback—Father Sebastian Bowden, once in the Guards, and still a Guardsman in the way he sits his steed, and still a soldier in his stride, even under his cassock. Another Oratorian is Father Pollen, who, as naval chaplain, was reported dangerously wounded in the Jutland battle. His many friends will be glad to learn that the earlier reports of his condition—first that he might not live, and afterwards that he might lose his sight—have been followed by more encouraging bulletins; and it is now thought that he will leave his hospital in the North a much scarred but by no means a disabled man.

Brogue and a Bride in Warwick Street.

Miss Pollen, at any rate, was in fairly good spirits about her wounded uncle when she turned up last Thursday at another wedding, in the little Warwick Street church—behind Regent Street. She was acting as the only bridesmaid to her lovely young friend, Miss Aileen O'Malley. The groom was Sir Walter Nugent, M.P.

The Two Grooms.

Of the two grooms at the Oratory, one was in khaki, the other in Navy kit. Sir John Eardley Wilmot belongs to the Rifle Brigade; and Lieutenant-Commander Ivor Chichester, who married Sir John's sister, is now (although once a soldier) a sailor of considerable experience.

Still Recruiting in the States.

Miss Chapman, Sir John's bride, is an American, daughter of a well-known New Yorker. Another wedding touched with Transatlantic interest is Lady Dorothy Walpole's, fixed for the 22nd at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Lady Dorothy is Lord Orford's only child, and Lord Orford married Miss Louise Corbin, a daughter of the American millionaire.

Rightful Ancestresses.

Lady Dorothy is a great-niece of the late Lady Dorothy Nevill, of "Memoir" fame—a great-aunt who never quite reconciled herself to the American invasion of the Peerage. "Alas!" says Lady Dorothy Nevill, in dealing with the departed splendours of Wolterton Park, the family place in Norfolk, "alas! at a calamitous sale, which took place about fifty years ago, these treasures—the pictures—were torn from the walls and sold. In all probability the portraits of the royal ladies are now serving as ancestresses to some American millionaire!" As it turns out, the family portraits, at any rate, may rightfully serve as ancestresses, by marriage, to the daughter of an American.

The New Lady Dorothy.

The young Lady Dorothy's wedding follows a brief engagement—as brief, almost, as any of the brisk, new-fashioned engagements of war-time. Her fiancé, Captain Arthur Hobart Mills, is a son of

the Rev. Hobart Mills, of Onslow Gardens, and the late Lady Catherine Mills, and he is a nephew of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. Lady Dorothy, who is staying at 13, Grosvenor Place, is a charming girl with a taste for travel, a considerable fortune, and many friends.



IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE MAGIC TABLE," WHICH IS TO BE PRODUCED FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS: MR. LESLIE HENSON, OF THE GAIETY.

Mr. Leslie Henson, who is the Henry of that most successful musical comedy, "To-night's the Night," at the Gaiety, is to make a special appearance at the matinee for wounded soldiers, in a new musical comedy, "The Magic Table." Mr. Henson has appeared many times for the wounded, and, needless to say, is extremely popular.

Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.



TO APPEAR IN LONDON, IN "OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES": MISS TOMMY CLANCY.

"Other People's Babies," by Mr. Lechmere Worrall, was produced at Leicester recently, and is to be seen in London. Miss Clancy played in "Pinkie and the Fairies," at His Majesty's, when she was sixteen, and has since taken leading parts on tour.

Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.

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The Æolian-Vocalion provides music for all tastes.

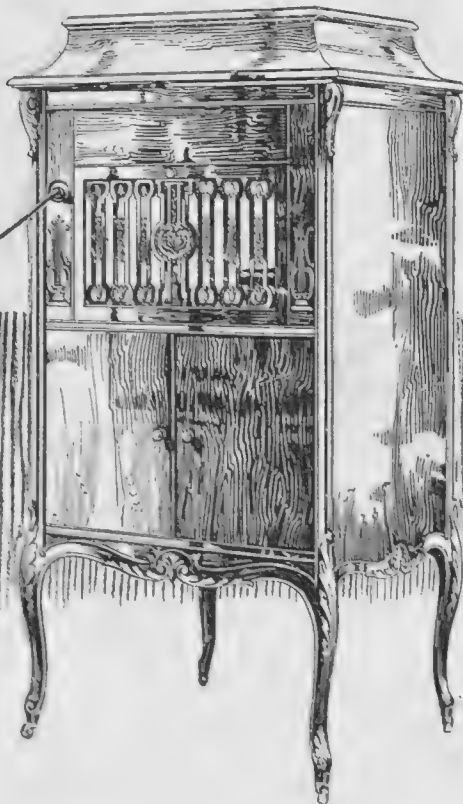
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

June; or, January. Fashions for the summer are charming; but where is the summer for the fashions? As I write, the thought of a chiffon-and-satin dress, recently purchased, makes me sneeze; the sight of transparent silk-stockinged legs makes me shiver; to contemplate a flower-trimmed, tulle-veil-draped hat, that was a joy during the too-short and almost-forgotten warm spell, is now a mislaid gladness. I flatten my blue nose

against the glass of Burberry's windows and revel in the thought of a good tweed coat and skirt, shower-proofed, smart, yet comfortable and convenient, with a neat, jaunty little Burberry hat, that doesn't mind bad weather; and then I settle that real war-time economy dictates the immediate possession of such, and I can hardly bear the passage of time until it is really mine.

Frills and Furbelows.

There is an attitude beloved of the athletic girl which is best avoided while skirts are short and full. I allude to the crossing of legs. The other day, in a public conveyance, I saw two girls, talking to each other, each sitting cross-legged. The display of lower limbs shocks nobody nowadays; the display of inadequate frills and furbelows beneath the short

A HINT FROM THE HAREM: THE PANTALETTED NÉGLIGÉE.

A novel rest-gown, carried out in coral-pink charmeuse, accordion-pleated Ninon, and gold-thread lace. The tiny roses are of pink velvet.

skirts was another matter; also, there was a very Teutonic flavour about the economy of silk to the calves of the legs, and cotton above, in the stockings disclosed to view. If cross legs are to be permissible, they must be daintily clothed. Petticoats are precious once more: so let me direct the attention of athletic young ladies to Shoobred's, in Tottenham Court Road; where frillies and stockings are really well thought out. Shoobred's are considered the best-bred trimmings for lower limbs!

The Frau's Fashions.

Baroness Margaret von Zuttner—the lady is a fashion-writer for German papers—entreats old German ladies to give up light colours and wear dark blue, grey, or brown. She assures them that they would have everything to gain in appearance by following this advice. I fear the Baroness writes without thinking: how can they celebrate victories joyously in dark-blue, grey, or brown? War-time economy is enjoined, even in Berlin; and as the ladies of that artistic capital have so many victories to celebrate, they naturally purchase gay frocks. Consequently, the victories must go on, and the gay frocks must go on, and the old ladies must go on; and perhaps they will all go on, long enough to celebrate the real victory—ours!—still in gay frocks for want of the wherewithal to purchase black!

Well-Tailored Ladies.

Women are not just so tailor-made as they used to be, albeit they continue to have smart clothes made by tailors. There is a way of combining the cut and finish of the tailor with the elegance of pleat and fullness, and easy sleeve and coat and general character, that is

quite the thing. It is not an easy way—those to satisfactory achievement seldom are. Ernest, of Regent Street, accomplished it, even when gentlemanly ladies were much in the public eye. Now that the eternal feminine is also the slightly and graceful feminine, his original and remarkably clever creations are more valued than ever. Besides being a line-list, he is a colourist and creates combinations which are quite out of the common, without ever being conspicuous or unbecoming.

Honouring a Great Memory.

Black Tuesday last week was dismal of weather, dark of dress, and damping of spirit; yet it was a great occasion, and showed the mighty spirit of the nation. Women mourned the great soldier-organiser-administrator as sincerely as men, albeit he was no ladies' man, nor ever played to the gallery. It was the wonderful quietness of him—that is the reason his greatness is more realised, now that he has passed out, than when he was here. On Tuesday I saw women who had had great personal losses in the war looking as deeply grieved as I had seen them at memorial services for their own dead. An ideal soldier has passed from the Empire, whose work for her we cannot estimate. Our best memorial to him is to spare no effort to consolidate the victory of which he laid the foundation.

Tennis Modes. We do play games; if British girls did not have some safety-valve, they would die. Tennis flourishes when weather permits—which has not been frequently, this streaming June. The frocks of the day favour free play of limbs, and also look very pretty, as nimble girls run about a court to take volleys and return well-placed balls. White serge is the favourite skirt, pleated and full; and at least one frilled silken or muslin underskirt is desirable. The wide arm-holes now prevalent give freedom to the racquet arm; silk shirts are usually provided with them. Hats are best with wide, stiff brims, which shade the eyes when playing in sunny courts, and do not flap. Many girls play without hats. Between sets, sports coats are donned, and those for this summer are varied and handsome.

The Time—"à la Militaire."

Like the Athenians of old, we are always on the watch for things new; well, there is a watch with a new and appropriate wristlet of ribbon in corps and regimental colours, at Wilson and Gill's, 139, Regent Street, a firm given to originating charming specialties. The ribbons of the Royal Flying Corps, the Royal Artillery, the Army Service Corps, the Royal Army Medical Corps, and most of the regiments make effective wristlets, and have a patent adjustment in gold. Watches in this metal cost only £5 15s.; and in silver, £3. A diamond initial on a white-enamel circle on similar ribbon is £3 15s. Black moiré wristlets, for the watches and initials, are the same price. There are also very handsome and original Wilson and Gill photograph-frames, which boast really exclusive touches.

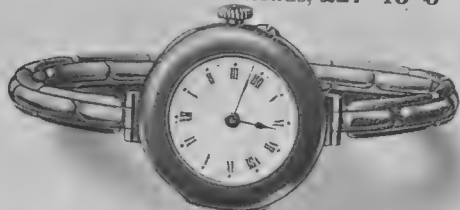


BEFRILLED AND CRINOLINED: A BRIDESMAID OF 1916.

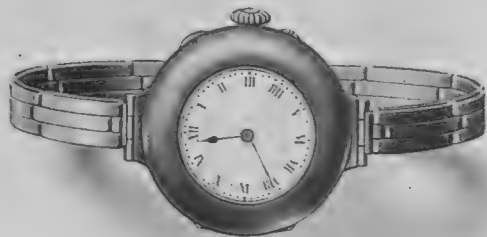
The crinoline skirt and quaint fichu on this frock are made of fine white muslin, and the bodice and frills on the skirt of faded pink taffeta embroidered with roses in a deeper shade. The Leghorn bonnet is trimmed with bands of turquoise-blue velvet and a small bunch of flowers.



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To His Majesty The King

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE ALLEGED PETROL SHORTAGE: A REAL GRIEVANCE OF THE R.A.C.: THE FASTEST ROAD.

A Point for Motoring M.P.s.

While thousands of futile questions are asked in the Houses of Parliament, it is singular, to say the least, that no one will get up and call attention to the waste of petrol that some people think exists in the Army. Yet in all probability the majority of M.P.s are themselves motorists; the Royal Automobile Club and associated clubs alone have over three hundred Members of one House or the other. Now that there is so much talk—much of it unjustifiable—as to petrol-shortage, it is desirable, in the public interest and that of motorists alike, that wastage of any kind should be stopped, even if it should occur in the case of the Army lorries. Apart from the fact that they are sometimes sent out on the road in unnecessary numbers, the passengers being no more than could be carried on fewer vehicles, it has been said that lorries are sometimes swilled with petrol instead of water. Apparently, it is not the fault of the men, but of the way in which supplies of motor-spirit are doled out, whether wanted or not; and what is unused is not returned to stores, but thrown about without thought of the wastage. According to the *Motor*, moreover, an order has been issued to the effect that engines must be cleaned with paraffin and "washed over with petrol."

members of the corps are either over military age or have been rejected for service. In only one instance has a newspaper critic had the courage, or temerity, to name a particular district where these alleged shirkers are to be found, and the R.A.C. pins the libel down, by reporting that there are only four members of the corps in that quarter, three of whom have been rejected as unfit, while the fourth is over military age. All, however, have rendered yeoman service as owner-drivers. As an unworthy slur upon men who are "doing their bit"—and a very big bit—at considerable inconvenience and expense to themselves, the allegation above quoted deserves the strongest condemnation.



A WELL-KNOWN MOTORIST RECENTLY HONOURED: SIR ARTHUR DU CROS, BT., M.P. Sir Arthur Du Cros, a new baronet of the Birthday Honours list, has been M.P. (Unionist) for Hastings since 1908. He is Chairman and Managing-Director of the Dunlop Rubber Company. During the war he has done much good work in connection with recruiting, motor-ambulances, and the production of munitions and transport.

Photograph by Speaight.

The "Safety" of Petrol.

A curious fact has just been reported in connection with the Dublin insurrection. In the devastated area were two sets of premises belonging to a well-known motor trader, Mr. J. J. Keating, and these were entirely burned to the ground, save a girder in the one case and the petrol-store in the other. In spite of concrete floors and stone walls, all the chassis were reduced to molten metal, yet the petrol itself escaped. I remember something precisely similar some years ago in Long Acre, where the London premises of the Mercedes firm were burned to the ground and many valuable cars destroyed, but the cans of petrol buried beneath the floor were found intact.

The moral to be drawn is applicable to many things besides petrol and motoring; safety consists in the degree to which measures are taken to overcome a danger, and not in the inherent nature of the danger itself.

The Fastest Stretch.

Symposiums are always interesting, and it has been instructive to follow a correspondence which has appeared in the *Autocar* on the fastest stretch of road in England. Of course, many places have been mentioned in turn, according to the experience and judgment of the individual tourist; but I have been surprised to note that no one up to now has mentioned a stretch of road which I, for one, have always regarded as more akin to a race-track, if race-tracks were straight, than any other in the country. I refer to the road between Great Yarmouth and Acle, in Norfolk. It runs parallel with the railway, across the South Walsham marshes, in a dead straight and dead flat line for practically eight miles, and there is nothing

in the country which offers the same conditions where speed-testing is concerned. There is hardly a house alongside, and only one side-road. All the other fast stretches of road which have been cited in the correspondence include towns or villages en route, and suggest "road-hogging" if speed-trials be attempted, whereas the one I have named is entirely free from that objection.



A PIONEER GIFT TO MEET AN URGENT NEED: THE FIRST BRITISH DENTAL MOTOR-SURGERY FOR THE FRONT, PRESENTED BY THE CIVIL SERVICE FEDERATION.

The provision of the first motor dental surgery for the troops at the front is due to the efforts of Mr. H. E. Sykes-Brown. "In 1915," he writes, "we were nearly a million men short because this number of willing men could not be accepted on account of bad teeth. . . . Dental surgeons are now being called up as combatants by hundreds. Up to now the War Office has only appointed about two hundred Army dental surgeons. Mr. Tennant said recently that there are only 43 such surgeons with the forces in France."

No doubt the framers of this order believed that they were effecting an economy in prescribing the petrol for the final washing only instead of for cleaning as well; but, as a matter of fact, the use of any petrol at all in this connection is unnecessary, and is bound to lead to wastage.

A Slur on Voluntary Drivers.

It may not be generally known that ever since the war broke out the War Office has relied upon the Royal Automobile Club to provide the cars and drivers required for Staff and inspection work. The Club accordingly has among its members a special corps of owner-drivers who are attached to divisional commands. They wear khaki, and rank as officers; but, in addition to giving their time, do not receive allowances sufficient to cover the whole cost of running their cars, and are consequently involved in out-of-pocket expenses. Accustomed to give rather than receive orders, they have nevertheless, performed their duties throughout with cheerfulness and efficiency, and have given entire satisfaction to the military authorities. And now, it appears, certain scribes have come forward and declared that these volunteers have undertaken this work in order to escape military service! Ingratitude could hardly go further; but let it be said at once that there is no truth whatever in the allegation. The R.A.C. has investigated the matter, and states that all the



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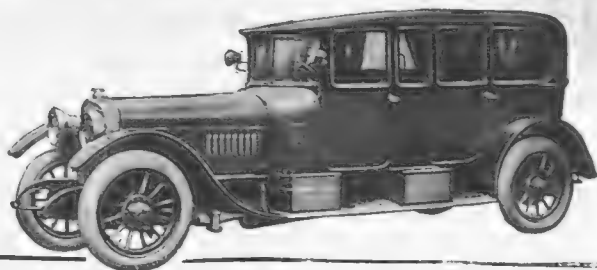
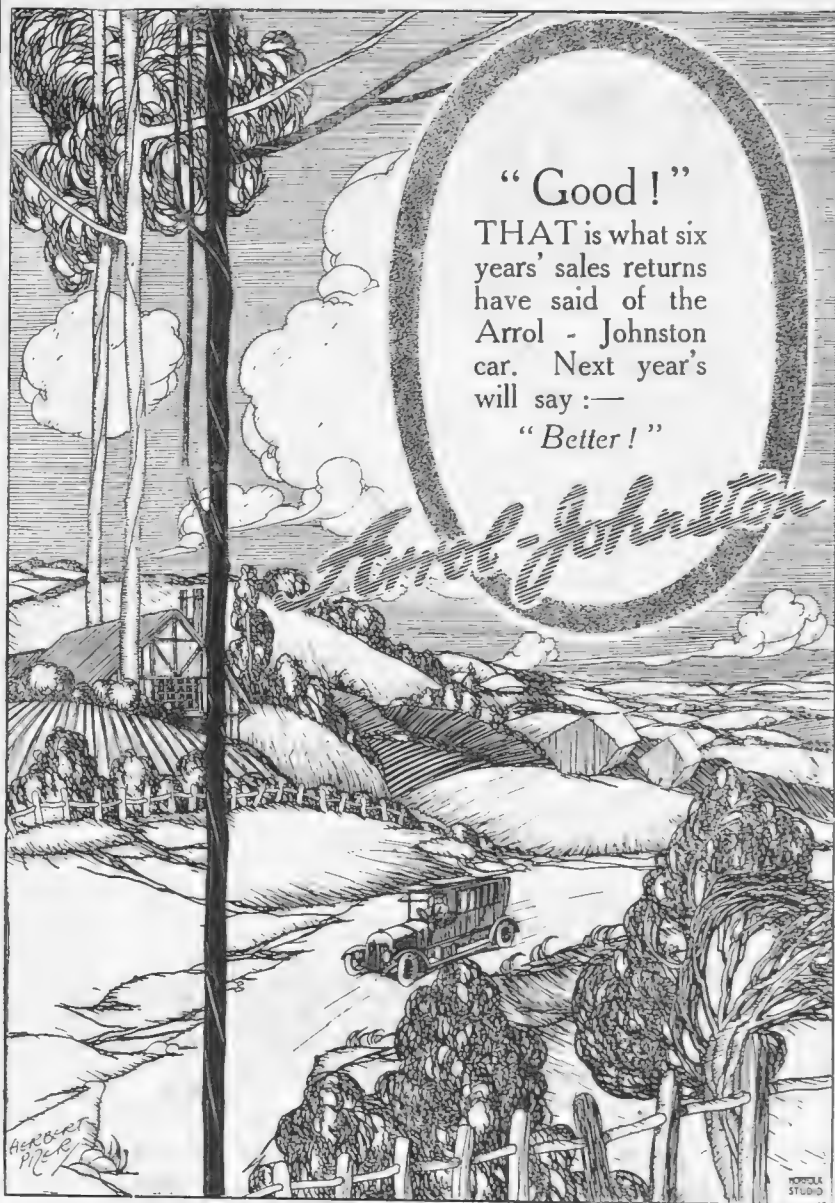
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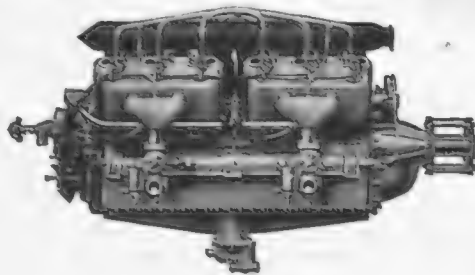


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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Margot's Progress."

BY DOUGLAS GOLDING.
(Eveleigh Nash)

be *le dernier cri*, she should be fluffy, and golden, and appealing, more human than dramatic; for her creator insists upon finding beneath her greediness and impertinent dishonesties a vein of true gold. She is no longer a dazzling villain, she is a woman and a sister. Of



A CONCERT-GIVER FOR THE "STAR AND GARTER" FUND: THE HON. MARY PORTMAN. The Hon. Mary Portman is the youngest of the three daughters of Viscount Portman, and is a clever violinist. Miss Portman gave a concert recently at the Royal Automobile Club, in aid of the "Star and Garter" Building Fund, a cause in which she takes keen and active interest.

Photograph by Lafayette.

beautiful Paris flat, despite the scare of danger, receives her old lover; her eyes are as blue, her lips as red, delicate as ever their curves, but her bosom rises and falls beneath the thin silk of her Paris frock with real emotion. She is womanly, desirable, elusive.

In a social world where outlines grow blurred and obliterated year by year, the adventuress is not what she was. She was wont to have the grand manner; she was nobly planned; she was always a striking brunette. Now, to of this later fashion is Mr. Golding's Margot, for, though she is hard and claws her way up ruthlessly, she is not ruthless *con amore*. Like her great prototype, Becky, she would prefer pleasant methods; nothing but hard necessity made her hard—and millionaire Israelites, who, while old, remain impressionable, are fair game after all. When Margot started out from her millinery apprenticeship in Montreal to conquer the Old World with her beauty, and the price of the little grocery-shop where she was reared, she might scheme for the wealth and patronage of the rich passengers on board the ship, but, having succeeded, she turned her face up to the sunshine of it with such a flower-like air that she seemed as justified as a rose that opens in its own weather. Feeling this, her author gives her the chance of the last page. Happily rid of a husband who had played out his usefulness, dowered with the substantial wealth of a dead Jewish banker, and contemplating life with the one man who secretly attracted her from the beginning—war is declared in Europe. And Margot, very nobly remaining in her

The war, too—oh! this wonderful wonder-working war—has torn from her lover "his outer garments of insincerity and pose." In each other's arms, Margot declares that the villa at Cap Martin, a legacy of the aforesaid banker, shall be turned into a hospital for wounded Tommies—no officers allowed; and Margot's tawdry progress thus achieves itself with moral splendour.

"Anna of the Underworld."

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.
(Chatto and Windus.)

The keen novel-reader who likes a run for his money may count on George R. Sims. As the cover promises, "Anna" is "full of the life of the day." Politics, espionage, enemy secret service agents, and a lovely girl! When he produces this last—a discouraged aristocrat upon whom evil times had fallen, and therefore bent upon suicide—he is only at the beginning of everything. Much too proud to die in her own old name, she spent an hour or so arranging a loss of identity. As a German governess she would go out, in the Sims manner of phrasing, to learn the great mystery. So when she throws herself at a passing motor-car, and, of course, gets picked up unharmed by the jewelled lady occupant, it is as a German she is rescued. The jewelled lady being a

(Continued overleaf.)



THE WEDDING OF A BARONET: SIR WALTER NUGENT AND HIS BRIDE.

Sir Walter Nugent, fourth baronet, and M.P. for S. Westmeath Division of County Westmeath, was married on Thursday, June 15, at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, to Miss Aileen O'Malley, younger daughter of the late Mr. M. O'Malley and of Mrs. O'Malley, of Ross, Westport. Our photograph shows Sir Walter and Lady Nugent leaving the church.

Photograph by Alfieri.



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Continued.]

villain, and seeing in Moya a likeness to a lady of their gang, suggests an impersonation. Moya, very timid of the old struggle, consents, and presently she finds herself involved in the most delightful adventures, with this balm for the effaced aristocrat, that she was helping her country in the most signal way while moving down from her humble flat to a fine apartment below. After that, all goes merrily. Burglary of embassies for secret papers, German counts and foreign spies, weave an ingenious tangle, behind which Moya disports herself, to emerge, as Mr. Sims puts it, "scatheless from the underworld, her honourable and patriotic mission accomplished, to find love waiting for her." Here is a grown-up fairy-tale with one "char," so incontestably true that perhaps it all happened!

"Felicity Crofton." Really
By MARGUERITE BRYANT. nice
(Heinemann.) people
school

themselves to see really nice things. The vicious, the greedy, the brutal, all that we so gracefully euphemise when we talk of "the animal in us"—those they make a point of evading, of explaining away, at most of allowing their existence only as a relative note to underline the generous and the fine. The writer of "Felicity Crofton" is a thoroughly nice woman; Felicity is a thoroughly nice woman, too, and between the two of them the literary merit of Felicity's portrait suffers from the reserves that niceness demands. That is the one rather ungrateful complaint to be made of a story that has obviously been well

pondered and lovingly written. Two women, mother and daughter, one young enough and the other old enough to pass as sisters, both pretty and slim, and each marriageable—that was Felicity, and her daughter Veronica. If Felicity helped on her Veronica's happiness with the one man she divined as her own choice, if Dominic Bessington, marrying the younger, could yet sustain a profound affection amounting to devotion for his mother-in-law, without a flaw breaking the beautiful surface of their domesticity, it was only because they were all three such very nice people. Poor Stella, the erring, the drug-ridden, the cowardly, and the selfish, has little to do in that *galère* but prove how nobly generous Mrs. Crofton could be, how faithful and loyal was Dominic's affection. Even Stella is not passionate or vicious, or tragic; she is just nasty. The moralities of the story move along these lines. Felicity tells Stella of a touchstone for true and false love. If when you love, "you find your heart opens wider to all the rest of the world," it is the genuine thing; but the heart that shuts itself up with the man it loves is engaged on a spurious affair. And dear Dominic, when he once was driven into saying, "Confound those people!" hastily apologised

to his wife, explaining that he found it difficult to put things more mildly. If only now and then these people had let themselves go, we should have respected them no less and have loved them more.



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